

Candy Man

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Summary: Hairspray He's a sweet talkin', sugar coated candy man.

CornyLink

Candy Man

\*\*OK, I was listening to the radio and this song randomly came on and it automatically made me think of Corny. Hopefully every Hairspray fan that hears it thinks that maybe it does or I'm just really sad.  
\*\*

\*\*Oh, and I am still taking requests.  
> <strong>

\_\_\*\*HAIRSPRAY\*\*\_\_  
> <em>

\_Tarzan and Jane were swingin' on a vine\_

\_(Candy man, Candy man)\_

\_Sippin' from a bottle of vodka double wine\_

\_(Sweet, sugar, candy man)\_

\_I met him out for dinner on a Friday night\_

\_He really had me working up an appetite\_

\_He had tattoos up and down his arm\_

\_There's nothing more dangerous than a boy with charm\_

\_He's a one stop shop, makes the ... drop\_

\_He's a sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man\_

\_A sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man\_

I never thought any guy could look good in black and magenta, but  
\_wow.\_ He looks drop dead gorgeous tonight. I lick my lips and adjust  
my dark blue tie as we make our way to his car. I got in beside him  
and smiled. He smirked at me and winked. I think I may have just  
melted.

"You ready for a good time, Link?"

I don't know if that was supposed to sound as suggestive as it did,  
but I nodded anyway.

"I'm always ready for a good time, Corny." I reply, looking -I hope-  
completely innocent.

\_He took me to the Spider Club at Hollywood and Vine\_

\_We drank champagne and we danced all night\_

\_We shook the paparazzi for a big surprise\_

\_the gossip tonight will be tomorrow's headline\_

\_He's a one stop shop, makes my cherry pop\_

\_He's a sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man\_

\_A sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man\_

\_He's a one stop shop, makes my cherry pop\_

\_He's a sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man \_

\_A sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man\_

We arrived at Maybelle's shop for the annual hop. Even though most of  
the people there were in their teens, they were still allowed one  
drink of alcohol. Me though, I have my ways of getting a few more  
glasses.

I was on my fourth glass and was feeling a little tipsy when the one  
and only Corny Collins came up and asked to dance. I was a bit  
hesitant at first, but the alcohol took over and I agreed. I can't  
wait to hear the rumors that will be circulating tomorrow.

After what I would guess was 2 hours of non-stop, fast paced dancing,  
a slower song came on and Corny pulled me close. I cuddled into the  
warmth and wrapped my arms around his neck. He smirked down at me.  
Oh, those lips, so full and so incredibly pouty. I must have been  
staring because he pulled me away from the crowd and brought me  
outside.

\_Well by now I'm getting all bothered and hot\_

\_When he kissed my mouth he really hit the spot\_

\_He had lips like sugar cane\_

\_Good things come to boys who wait\_

\_Tarzan and Jane were swingin' on a vine\_

\_(Candy man, candy man)\_

\_Sipping from a bottle of vodka double wine\_

\_(Candy man, candy man)\_

\_(Sweet sugar candy man)\_

\_He's a one stop, gotcha hot, making all the ... drop\_

\_(Sweet sugar candy man)\_

\_He's a one stop, got me hot, making my [gasp pop\_

\_(Sweet sugar candy man)\_

\_He's a one stop, get it while it's hot, baby don't stop\_

\_(Sweet sugarâ€œ)\_

I barely had time to think before he shoved me up against the side of the building. He pinned me against the brick with his whole body, and wedged his thigh in between mine. He grasped at the front of my shirt, just staring at me before he spoke.

"Do you know how incredibly sexy you looked when you were in there dancing? I was barely able to control myself when I saw you shimmy in\*\*these\*\*!"

He accentuates the word by tugging on the belt I'm wearing.

"And then when we slow danced. I saw you staring. You're eyes half lidded and your lips...parted...slightly..."

His words got more and more spaced out until he finally kissed me. My mind clouded over when he slipped his tongue past my lipsHe tasted like wine and sugar. An odd mix, but it made me moan.

He moved onto my neck and bit so hard he almost broke the skin. I started to untuck his shirt and ran my hands around his toned stomach, every once in a while dropping my fingers underneath the waist line of his pants.

He ground his hips into mine before kissing me once more and leading me towards the car. I whimpered at the loss of heat and he chuckled.

"Good things come to boys who wait, sugar."

\_He's a one stop shop with a real big [gasp\_

\_He's a sweet-talkin', sugar coated candy man\_

\_Tarzan and Jane were swingin' on a vine \_

\_Sippin' from a bottle of vodka double wine\_

\_Jane lost her grip and a-down she fell \_

\_Squared herself away as she let out a  
yell\_

\_\*\*HAIRSPRAY\*\*\_

\*\*Hopefully you liked it. And hopefully the story went with the song  
as much as I thought it did. Constructive Criticism is always  
nice!...hint.\*\*\_  
> <em>

End  
file.